

The Black Arrow

CHAPTER XIV.

Blackford's letter was handed to Singleton at a few minutes after 7 the next morning and within twenty minutes a telephone message had been sent to the desk sergeant at the First precinct. The letter might easily be merely an attempt at bravado, but the police were determined to follow the chance on the hope of finding their man asleep at the hotel. It was 8 o'clock when they entered the lobby of the building and commenced their search. The clerk at the desk had just come on, but in answer to their questions he informed them that a man answering the description they gave was asleep in the smoking room where he had apparently been all night.

Preceded by a lieutenant the officers entered the room and saw a man asleep in a chair at the corner of the table. He was breathing heavily as a man breathes when he is sleeping off the effects of intoxication. His head was thrown back and notwithstanding his disordered appearance his clothing and size answered the description that Singleton had furnished. The lieutenant advanced and shook the sleeper roughly. He opened his eyes and took in the situation. For a moment he made no comment and merely passed his hand across his eyes. Then he rose and faced the group.

"What do you want?" he asked. "Are you Mr. Blackford?" asked the lieutenant. "I am." "Then I must tell you that you are wanted for the murder of a man named Stevenson who was seen in your company the night he was shot. You will have to come with me to the station." The captive resumed his seat and beckoned to one of the bellboys who had been attracted by the scene. "Go back to the bar and get me a glass of whiskey," he said. "I will wait for you a minute," he remarked addressing the lieutenant, "but I am not very well and I feel the need of a stimulant before you lock me up. I suppose," he added, "that you got your tip from Singleton. I wrote to him last night. I was getting sick of the situation, and had no money to get out of the city."

He bowed his head on his arms and waited for the return of his messenger. The officers stood about regarding him curiously. One of them whispered to his companion that the prisoner seemed to be game. There was absolute silence while the boy returned with the glass and handed it to the man at the table. He drank the contents slowly and producing a handkerchief passed it across his lips. Then rising to his feet he turned to the officer in charge and announced that he was ready. At the same time he placed the handkerchief in an inner pocket of his coat. As he drew his hand out, there was something clutched tightly in it. The lieutenant saw it and jumped forward to catch his prisoner's arm, but he was a single second too late. There was a flash and report and Blackford reeled backwards into the arms of two of the policemen with a revolver still pressed firmly to his side.

They supported him to a chair and took the revolver from his nervous fingers. One of the men hurried to the telephone booth and called up the ambulance. Blackford noticed his action and laughed weakly.

"Merely a waste of time," he said in a voice that choked with the blood pouring into his lungs. "I am a better shot than you would suppose from my performance the other night. I know how to shoot and where to aim. You will never put me in a cell."

The lieutenant looked anxiously at the wounded man. What he said was evidently true. The blood was flowing freely from the wound in his side and every time he coughed he choked violently and his mouth filled with the fluid that was being rapidly pumped from his heart. He beckoned to the lieutenant to lean nearer to him.

"You had better get a statement from me while you can," he gasped. "Fill up a confession of the murder of Stevenson, and I will sign it while you are waiting for the wagon."

The officer wrote rapidly and read the result to the dying man, who nodded assent, and reached for the pen. With a visible effort he slowly traced his name across the bottom of the paper and leaned back in the chair. After a moment he straightened up and asked for a second sheet of paper.

"I suppose it is up to me to write to some of my family," he remarked. "Not that I imagine they care to hear from me, but it is the usual thing under the circumstances. I have noticed that they always do that sort of thing on the stage."

He supported his head and attempted to think. After a moment he dropped the pen wearily.

A Fascinating Detective Story Which Points to the Location of Money Actually Hidden About the Streets of Washington. In Today's Installment Is a Clue to \$100. If You Find It, It's Yours.

EXPLANATION OF PLAN

In the last installment of the Story which appears today there is a clue to the location of \$100. The entire sum will be placed in one envelope marked, with a broad black arrow.

The money will not be available until the time specified in the clue.

No employee of The Times or member of his family is eligible in the hunt.

This is the last chance at the Black Arrow money, and an equal opportunity will be given every man, woman and child in Washington to secure it.

"What is the use," he said. "They don't want to hear from me, and it is too much of an effort to write. Wait a moment," he added, "I forgot my friend Singleton. I will send him a little farewell souvenir, and just for old times' sake I will make my parting address one of the famous clues that I have worried him with for a couple of months. I know he will appreciate it, and it will bring up tender recollections to his mind."

He thought for a moment, and then with a chuckle, wrote laboriously for several minutes. He stopped once or twice to think, and finally completed his task. After reading it over carefully he signed his name and carefully blotted the paper. Then, throwing the pen to the floor, he handed the paper to the lieutenant, and directed him to read it.

"Not that you will appreciate the delicate humor of the situation," he remarked, "but my friend Singleton will, it is almost dramatic. Don't fail to give it to him and tell him I said it was a sort of swan song intended for his amusement. Tell him also that I would give a fortune, if I had one, to have sent him along with Stevenson. I suppose I will meet my dear departed friend in the country to which I am going. I should have enjoyed having Singleton along to share the pleasure. He and I have been such good chums on earth that we will miss each other in the hereafter."

He fell back with a mirthless laugh which was quickly cut off by a more violent hemorrhage that left him exhausted and gasping. The officer read the paper with a look of amazement. It signified nothing to him and was apparently the wandering of a mind clouded by the swift approach of death.

"The clue to the location of the envelope is given in a ten-line description that appears in the advertising columns of Washington's most popular Sunday newspaper in the issue in which you read this. These lines will be inserted among the various advertisements, no two lines appearing together. To obtain the correct clue it will be necessary to pick out the ten lines and arrange them in the right order to tell the story."

As the lieutenant concluded the reading there was heard the sound of an ambulance approaching at full speed in a moment a young surgeon attired in his white coat jumped out and threw away the cigarette he had been smoking and asked what was the trouble. An officer shoved him into the room where Blackford was being raised to his feet. He glanced sharply at the face of the wounded man and curtly ordered them to put him back into the chair, where he fell limp and his head dropped forward. The surgeon felt for his heart and then pulled his clothing aside and examined the wound. After a moment he stepped back and lit a fresh cigarette.

"What you want," he observed to the lieutenant, "is the morgue wagon. There is nothing for me to do here. That was a very clean shot. The lungs could not have been hit in a better way."

Having delivered this opinion, the white-coated youngster returned to the ambulance, which was started back to the hospital. The lieutenant gave the necessary orders for the disposition of the body, and leaving two men in charge returned to the station to make a report and ask for instructions in regard to the letter to Singleton.

CHAPTER XV.

The news of Blackford's rash act did not altogether surprise Singleton. It was by all odds the best ending of the affair and would save his relatives a great deal of mortification and disgrace. He gave orders that the dead man

should have decent burial, and after considerable reflection decided to allow his aunt and cousin to understand that the man who had tried to rob them had made good his escape to some other country. He thought it would be best for them to remain in ignorance of the truth.

At 10 o'clock that morning Mr. Singleton arrived by appointment, and the party of four entered the library to search for the fault. There was no hitch in the proceedings, and following the directions concealed in the locked button was easily found, and the vault disclosed. It required very little effort to work the combination, and the doors swung easily back, exhibiting a good-sized interior, fitted up into small compartments.

There was, as had been stated, a large amount of money stowed away, and package after package of Government bonds of various denominations, but most in values of five and ten thousand dollars. The lawyer untied these bundles and carefully made a record of them, noting the number of each. The papers were laid aside for more leisurely examination. It was nearly an hour before he had concluded his task and replaced the valuables in the vault.

"It affords me considerable pleasure," he said to the two women, "to inform you that in bonds alone there is in the vault a fortune of more than one million dollars. I was entirely unaware that my late friend was possessed of a fortune so large. The money and other securities will probably amount to one-half that amount. After this long and painful delay I am very much gratified to know that your future more than amply provided for, and I desire to extend to you my hearty congratulations on the outcome of the affair."

His son did not wait for the conclusion of the examination, but slipped away to his room and reclined on the lounge. The effort had exhausted him considerably and more than that he considered the situation. His part in the treasure hunt was at an end. In a few days he would be able to resume his work and there was no reason for delaying in Washington. He felt that he should rejoice in the good fortune of the Alexander family, but in his heart he wished the legacy disinterested him. There was no use in trying to deceive himself. Life held no very vivid attraction to him after his farewell to the girl who occupied his every thought. It was too late to hope for a chance to win her love. If he made the attempt she would consider him a fortune hunter and it would be better to leave without a word.

Both mother and daughter would undoubtedly feel grateful to him for his assistance and he swore that he would not destroy their good opinion by a false move. It was perfectly apparent that she did not regard him in the light he wished. He hoped that he would be able to leave before they had an opportunity to thank him. He might leave a note saying that he was called away by an urgent telegram. Afterward he could write and make his farewells from a safe distance. He was deliberating upon the advisability of this move when a light knock sounded on the door. He called out an impatient invitation to enter and the door was slowly opened admitting the girl he was thinking of. There was a look of anxiety on her face.

"You looked so pale when you left the room that I have been worried about you," she said. "Do you feel worse?" "Not particularly," he replied. "I wanted to get back and get my affairs in shape."

"What do you mean?" she asked with a startled look. "You are surely not thinking of returning to your rooms just yet. You are not strong enough to do that. You must stay here a few weeks and allow us to nurse you. It is the least we can do after all you have done for us."

"That is awfully kind of you," he said, "but I am perfectly recovered and have no excuse for trespassing longer upon your hospitality. Moreover, I have an offer in New York that I think I should accept."

"You intend to leave Washington?" said the girl. There was a troubled look in her eyes that Singleton did not see. "How will your friends get along without you?"

"There is nobody to care one way or the other," said Singleton. "My father is so busy and sees so little of me, any-

how, that he will scarcely know that I am gone. As for the rest of my acquaintances, they will not care whether I am in the country or across the ocean. I have always been a wanderer and have made no intimate friends in any one place."

"I can answer for one who will be very sorry to see you go," said the girl earnestly. "You have been so good to me and mother and myself that we will miss you terribly. We have become accustomed to depend upon you since the death of my grandfather."

"I am afraid that you won't remember very long," said Singleton, with a short laugh. "But I wish you would think of me once in a while. I will probably end up in some God-forsaken corner of the earth. I have always had a theory that I would pan out on some of my little adventures, and if I do it would be a pleasure to think that there was some one who would feel sorry to know it."

"Please do not talk like that," said the girl turning to the window. "You make me feel horribly. I wish you would give up your wanderings and settle down in some place where you would be safe."

"Do you really care, Bessie?" he asked, and catching her arm he forced her to look into his eyes. There was no mistaking the look she gave him and the next moment her face was buried on his breast and her soft hair brushed his cheek. After a moment he held her from him and said:

"Are you sorry that it is not sympathy for me? I am afraid I look ad- vantage of your selflessness and played upon your feelings. Are you quite sure you do love me?"

There was a world of tenderness in the eyes that were lifted shyly to his, but she only said very simply, "Yes."

It was the glance rather than the word that answered him. He leaned over the railing and their lips met in a long kiss of perfect happiness.

After a few minutes they sat down for what Singleton declared should be a sensible discussion of the situation. To a perfectly cold and unsympathetic listener the conversation would scarcely have seemed sensible, and there were a number of interruptions. However, it

satisfied them absolutely, and both were quite sure that the plans they formed were entirely business-like. "Thank heaven!" he said, "your father left his affairs so complicated. If it had not been for those crazy black arrow letters I should never have known you."

"Have you given up the idea of leaving the country?" asked the girl, smiling at him.

"By myself," he replied. "Of course, I don't care where I go or what I do if I have you along. I forgot to tell you that I have more than one offer for the winter. There is a matter to be settled out in San Francisco that means a whole lot to a friend of mine. He wants me to attend to it for him, as his business in New York will not permit him to go himself. It will only take a few weeks, but I will have to go a week from next Wednesday. If I go at all. You know I can't leave you even for such a short time, and I want you to go with me."

"But wouldn't that be almost as bad as eloping?" she asked.

"Almost, but we can make it a honeymoon, and after we get back I will take up an offer I have had for some time, which will keep me in Washington for a year at the least. We can let our friends know about the wedding when we get home, and have receptions and send cards and all that sort of thing. It will beat a church affair all hollow. Won't you come with me?"

It does not happen always that an answer is given in words. The one Singleton secured seemed to satisfy him much better than any verbal response he had ever received.

THE END.

VERBAL ADVICE DIDN'T SUIT.

Verbal advice never sinks so deep as the advice that comes in printed form. Mrs. Hermann E. Allyn, president of the Philadelphia Club, of West Philadelphia, can testify to this. Not long ago a young mother, the proud possessor of a first baby, made a call on Mrs. Allyn. She seemed to be in great perplexity because her son and heir suffered from a chronic ailment that retarded his development and brought down the righteous indignation of the neighborhood, which was considerably inconvenienced by his vocal demonstrations.

Mrs. Allyn is the mother of three children, and thought her experience entitled her to give some advice. Strangely enough, the young mother resented this, and said, with a toss of her head: "I am much obliged to you for your well-meant advice, but I go to one of the best doctors in the city, and I flatter myself I am doing the best I can for my child."

The president of the large organization in West Philadelphia contributes to a number of periodicals, and is a spirit of fun sent the young mother several copies of a magazine that contained some of her anonymous contributions on the subject of baby culture. A short time afterward she met the young mother at the club, and the latter got talking about the baby culture articles in the magazine.

"They are perfectly splendid," she declared. "I have followed every word of the advice, and Frank has improved ever since. They were part of a series that were in the '2'—Magazine. Did you ever hear of them?"

"Oh, yes; quite frequently," said Mrs. Allyn, with a roughish twinkle in her eye. "I wrote them."—Philadelphia Record.

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Special Assortment of Wines.

Most any one would appreciate a case of Wine. Each case contains twelve bottles, as follows:

3 bottles of Port,
3 bottles of Sherry,
3 bottles of Catawba,
3 bottles of Claret.
Packed for shipping.
Special price, per case...

\$3.50

Special Christmas Box.

This Christmas box contains the following goods:

1 qt. Silver Wedding Whiskey,
1 qt. of Eggnog,
2 bottles of Sauterne,
2 bottles of Port,
2 bottles of Sherry,
2 bottles of Catawba,
1 pt. of Rum,
1 pt. of Brandy.

The entire assortment at the special price of.....

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We carry an immense stock of high-grade California Wines. Only the best sorts—direct from native vineyards famous the world over for their fine brands.
XX Port Sherry, \$1.00 gallon, 50c bottle, \$2.75 dozen.
XX Port Sherry, \$1.50 gallon, 50c bottle, \$3.50 dozen.
XXX Port Sherry, \$2.00 gallon, 50c bottle, \$3.00 dozen.
Barton's Best Sherry, California's best product, \$2.75 gallon, 50c bottle, \$3.00 dozen.
California Claret—Zinfandel, 50c bottle, \$2.50 dozen.
Special Zinfandel, 50c bottle, \$3.50 dozen.
Sauternes (Barsac), 60c bottle, \$3.50 dozen.
Extra Sauternes (Yquem), 50c bottle, \$5.50 dozen.
Other California Wines—Malaga, Madeira, Angelica, Tokay, Muscatel, Marsala—\$1.50 and \$2 gallon, 50c and 50c bottle.

Catawba

(from the Pleasant Valley Wine Co., New York.)
X sweet, \$1 gallon, 50c bottle, \$2.75 dozen.
XX, medium sweet, \$1.50 gallon, 50c bottle, \$3.50 dozen.
XXX, dry, \$2 gallon, 50c bottle, \$5.00 dozen.

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50c bottle, \$3.50 dozen.

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XX, \$2 gallon, 50c quart.
XXX, \$3 gallon, 50c bottle.

Imported Wines.

Original bottlings of Cuneille Dobson & Co., Bordeaux, France.

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St. Julien, \$2.00 case, 70c bottle.
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Sauternes, \$7.00 case, 70c bottle.
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Original bottling of Friedrich Krote, Coblenz, Germany.
Laubenhut, \$6.75 case, 60c bottle.
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Imported Apricot Brandy (P. Garrier), \$1.50 bottle.
Club Cocktails (bottle of cherries free with each bottle), \$1.25 bottle.
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\$1.50 Bottle.

Hennessy's 3-Star Cognac Brandy, \$1.50 bottle.
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Cusener's 3 Crown Cognac Brandy, \$2.00 bottle.

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"SILVER WEDDING"—the whiskey that has stood the test of time. As pure as experience and best grain can make it. Guaranteed ten years old; pure Maryland Rye. Should be in the medicine chest of every home. Possesses peculiar medicinal virtues lacking in other Whiskies. \$1.00 full quart, \$3.50 gallon.
Family Whiskey, \$2.25 gallon.
Keypot Maryland Rye, 75c quart, \$2.75 gallon.
Monmouth Maryland Rye, 75c quart, \$2.75 gallon.
Maryland Club, another very good Household Whiskey, \$1.25 full quart, \$4.50 gallon.

Colonial Cabinet, the finest of all whiskies; very old, and naturally very smooth. \$1.50 full quart, \$5.00 gallon.
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Kirk's Old Crow Rye, \$1.25 bottle.

Scotch Whiskies

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Usher's Special, \$1.25 bottle.
King William, \$1.25 bottle.
Dewar's Special Liqueur, \$2.00 bottle.

Booth Old Glen Glin, 75c bottle.
Gordon Dry Glen, 75c bottle.
Elbert Dry Glen, 75c bottle.
Hurdle Brand Holland Gin 50c bottle.

California Brandy

XX Brandy, 75c full qt.—\$2.75 gallon.
XXX Brandy, \$1.00 full qt.—\$3.50 gallon.

Barton Brandy, 8 years old, \$1.25 full qt.—\$4.50 gallon.

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Also Tom and Jerry, at the same price.

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